

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 9, 1880.

"Old Sir" Reports Garfield's Chances Among the Colored Brothers.

Old Sir, after hearing of Garfield's nomination, went out among his neighbors to see what they thought of it. Yesterday he reported:

"Well, I am satisfied dat de publican party has draw'd er bo-bo-tale han' dis time."

"Don't you think Garfield can make the trip safely?"

"No, sir! Hit ar' sensible fer er canal-hoss ter beat de thore-hoards on de practice groun'; but dat ain't no sine dat he'll git his nose over de line fast w'en de race happen sho'nuff."

"What is the trouble with Garfield principally?"

"Dat's plenty ob hit! In de fast place I hev'r ter day dat he time got credit in Mobile an' nebber set hissef rite on de books afterwards!"

"You mean he was in the Credit Mobiliar scandal?"

"Yes, sir; dat Mobile business wuz scandalous ter be shoo! Den I hev'r dat he grabbed mo' salary dan slonged ter him up dar in Washin'ton City."

"That is true to some extent."

"An' hit's gon' him wid his honest folks long wid older things. I've hev'r don't bout him. Anyhow he aint got no chance down in dis neck ob woods—ellen de niggers don't peer fear dat Gyarfiel stock'll do ter let out!"

"Why is that?"

"Well, arter all dere'sperience with kyarif luggers, de freedom burro an' banks, an' wil' Senator Hayes day am gittin' shy ob buyin' or pig in er sack. Dey don't kno' mufin' bout Gyarfiel, an' hit'll take er heap er heap er talk ter make 'em take him on trus'. De names don't jingle ter suiter der niggers, an' when de names don't jingle dey's got ter hear somethin' else jingle in dere ears 'fore dey'll vot for 'em. W'en Leekshun day comes now de nigger ar' bekin' de counter an' hev' got somethin' ter sell; an' et Gyarfiel wan't em' de only way he'll git 'em ar' ter sen' 'long his bar'l wid his ticket pastid on de hed of hit. Da may fetch 'em, but de fotografans' tuffy business ar' played out."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

An Error for Life.

Once wedded for life to an unworthy partner, an error has been made which will rob it of all sweetness or possibility of joy. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps, lest in the most critical event of life they go totally astray. But here we must guard against another error. Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when the mistake is only in their own behavior since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and a scolding and intemperate, or slytherly partner often has but himself or herself solely to blame for the misery that clouds life and desolates the home. Multitudes, who feel that their marriage was a mistake and who make their existence a misery night, by a little self-denial, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighter like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy, golden days gone by. And what sweet mission in life than that of reclaiming the weak and sinful?

"You are very late late this morning, Mr. Jinks," was the gruff salutation of a city merchant to one of his clerks. "Do not let it happen again."

"Very sorry," said the clerk, humbly. "I met with a serious fall."

"Ah, indeed," said the merchant, relenting. "How did it happen? Are you hurt much?"

"Principally, sir, in your estimation," said the clerk, respectfully.

"Oh, never mind," said the merchant, in a kinder tone; "never mind that. I commiserate you. We are all liable to accidents. How did you get the fall?"

"Well, you see, sir, said the clerk, drowsingly. "I was called quite early this morning—in fact, you will observe, sir, somewhat earlier even than usual."

"One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere in daily life things that illustrate the word of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out without a light. Throw open your lattice in the evening and you will see what seem to be little stars twirling on the pavement. You here the citter of sandals, as the late traveler rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant a verse comes to your memory, written in that city 6,000 years ago: 'Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.'

The water is diverted from the Merrimac River for the use of the mills at Lowell, Massachusetts, and at six o'clock is turned back again. Two little boys were fishing from a rock in the rapids when the water came thundering down. They climbed to the high est point, where they were just above the current. Efforts were made to rescue them, but in vain, and they were compelled to remain their all night. The danger was that they would get asleep and fall off, and to keep them awake, their parents and others built bonfires on the shore, sang camp-meeting songs, and told stories to them until morning.

A Philadelphia commercial editor, who was once a small boy with a mother who knew the value of a slipper in cases of emergency, cannot to this day write about "movement in leather" without hitching uneasily in his chair.

If prize fighters really wanted to fight it would be easy enough to find a place where they would not be interrupted. For instance, they could meet in the store of a merchant who does not believe in advertising.

A Southern War Story.

In 1863 three gentlemen entered their rooms at the boarding-school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been for years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist Church. Those boys remained at this school, room-mates and class-mates, and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained at this institution four years, were room-mates at the time, graduating relatively, first, second, third and fourth. They entered a law office at Spartanburg, and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out, and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins' rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy batteries fell in the ranks of this company, killed these four boys and none others in the company. They are buried on the same battle-field, and sleep together in the same grave. Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were the sons of Bishop Capers, the Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith, of South Carolina, and the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Virginia, the latter being a brother of the late Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Randolph-Macon College. The grave is marked by a granite cross, and inclosed with an iron railing.—[Columbia (S. C.) Register.]

Why Tobacco Ourselves to Be "Suckered."—A correspondent asks us why tobacco ought to be "suckered," and how often this operation should be repeated. Suckering consists in removing, by pinching with the thumb and finger, the short sprout or bastard leaves that shoot out from the stem just above each regular leaf. These shoots are valueless, and serve to impair the vitality of the plant by abstracting from it the nourishment that should go into the leaves themselves. They also crowd the good leaves, and diminish their size. They should not be cut off, but pinched or twisted off, which diminishes the flow of sap from the damaged part. The tobacco field should be gone over every week. In rainy weather the roots develop more rapidly. The custom is to sucker about three times in a season, but the officer of the field is gone over the better. It is impossible to produce a fine, silky leaf unless the field is carefully suckered. The process should begin at the top of the plant and proceed downward, care being taken not to break the leaves, which are very brittle. Suckers should never be allowed to become more than two inches long.—[Blue Grass Clipper.]

An Important Decision.

Peter Grub sold his share in an iron mine at Cornwall, Pa., reserving the right to enter upon the premises forever, and take therefrom sufficient ore for the supply of one furnace. That was almost one hundred years ago, when iron ore was smelted in a somewhat crude fashion, and the average yield of a furnace was one thousand five hundred tons a year. That was about the amount taken by Mr. Grub annually during his lifetime. But the process has been greatly improved since then, and now a furnace turns out as much in a single month. The question arose, of course, whether the heirs of Grub were entitled to as much ore as would supply an eighteenth or nineteenth century furnace. A lawsuit has been in the courts for twenty-four years, employing some of the ablest lawyers in the State. The Supreme Court has just decided, on appeal, that ore can be taken in sufficient quantity to supply one furnace.

The crown of England is very costly. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000; two large centre diamonds, \$10,000 each, making \$20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the former, each \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds contained in the *four de lis*, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also 141 small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$15,000; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000. The cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, is therefore, nearly \$500,000.

The Value of Failure.—It is from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must commence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; and we will see what seem to be little stars twirling on the pavement.

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Great lions in Scotland. The first river you come to they will tell you it is the Forth.

The King of Dentists, as he calls himself, is a Philadelphia curiosity. He wears a jeweled crown and gorgeous robes, rides in a resplendent chariot, and extracts teeth without charge. While a gibbed-tongued attendant sounds his praises, the King takes out teeth for all who apply, sometimes pushing them out with the point of a sword. Then he sells an aye destroyer at fifty cents a tooth.

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"Blaine" is the name of a new town in Kansas. It is so called because it has just been laid out.—[Boston Post.]

When we say that a painting is highly executed, do we mean to say that it is badly hung?

A New Invention Fluid.

A German professor has recently succeeded in making a fluid, which he injects into the veins of dead animals and preserves them in perfect order for an indefinite length of time. Not long ago he applied this fluid to the dead body of a calf and left it exposed for several weeks. He then invited a large number of gentlemen to dinner and served up the calf meat. They were delighted with it, and ate up the whole animal, leaving other food untouched. This is truly a great invention. Instead of pickling meat in cans, it will now only be necessary to kill the animals, inject the fluid and stack them up for use. For exportation purposes the plan will work admirably. Our British cousins can eat America's beef ten years after slaughter, and find it tender and delicious. There need be no more spoiled steaks in the household. Chickens can be treated to the fluid and hung up in the yard, or in a shed for future use. Spring chickens several years old will be a delightful breakfast or supper feature. It will be no longer necessary to use ice for meat-preserving purposes. The German professor will undoubtedly make a fortune, and he deserves it.—[Concierge-Journal.]

The Jew's Return.

During the fourteenth century, when the Hebrew race were undergoing one of those periodical persecutions which it has been subjected to during the long reign of events, as recorded by the history since the birth of Moses, there lived in Ispahan an ancient Jewish merchant. Persecution, which always seeks a vulnerable point and never dares assail strength, fixed upon the rich Jew as a victim. The Cadi of Ispahan, from motives of jealousy and class prejudice, made matters so unpleasant for the Jew that, in despair, he went to him and said: "You will not allow me to live here; where shall I go?" "Go to Bagdad," replied the Mufti. "But," responded the Hebrew, "your brother rules there." "Go to Damaskos then." "But your uncle is Chief Magistrate there." "Go to Damascus then." "But your nephew rules there." "Then, if my family will not allow you to live in this world, go to h—l." "Ah me!" replied the Jew, "you forgot your respected father is dead."

An Important Decision.

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But the process has been greatly improved since then, and now a furnace turns out as much in a single month. The question arose, of course, whether the heirs of Grub were entitled to as much ore as would supply an eighteenth or nineteenth century furnace. A lawsuit has been in the courts for twenty-four years, employing some of the ablest lawyers in the State. The Supreme Court has just decided, on appeal, that ore can be taken in sufficient quantity to supply one furnace.

Dental authorities estimate that half a ton of pure gold is used every year in filling teeth in this country, costing half a million dollars, besides about four times as much cheaper material, such as silver and platinum, worth \$100,000. All papers are printing this. Strange that they should publish as news what is in everybody's mouth.

Just exactly what a woman wants a watch for is not quite certain. The chain is the only part of the arrangement she wears. The watch itself is "run down," mainspring broke, and tucked away in the dressing-case most of the time. A woman and a watch are incompatible.

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Will practice his profession in Rockwood and adjoining counties in the Court of Appeals. He will give full attention to all cases in the Superior Court. We wish a short account of his services, and especially his qualifications for the practice of law. Please send him to Rockwood, and have their best regards sent to him. He will be addressed at the office of the Court of Appeals, at Rockwood, Ky., on the 1st of July.

It is claimed that cherries should never be eaten at or near the same time when milk has been taken; and many people who live on the sea coast believe that lobsters taken with milk will produce death.

The wind of Omaha recently performed a curious freak. Florence and Willow Lakes, north of the city, were nearly dry, and the ground in the vicinity was covered with dead fish blown out of the water.

It accomplishes its object so quickly and so satisfactorily that its praises are in the mouth of every mother. We refer to Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, the remedy for children's diseases. Sold for 25 cents.

The law against carrying concealed weapons does not apply to bicyclists. They are cyclists, but they avoid cartridges, and never go off them selves.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

A man was drowned in a bath tub in Boston last week. Those Boston people should learn something about a new thing before trying it.

Did it ever hit you anywhere that a dry goods clerk was a calico weaver?—[Marathon Independent.]

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American Newspapers.

Our great progress in journalism is shown by the fact that in 1775 there were in the United States less than forty newspapers, and periodicals, whose aggregate issue for that year comprised 1,200,000 copies; now the United States publishes over 500 daily newspapers, more than 4,000 weekly publications, and about 600 monthly publications; of the dailies that existed in 1780, about 800,000,000 copies were struck off that year; of the weeklies about 600,000,000; and of other serial publications about 1,500,000,000 copies. And, to sum up the matter up yet more forcibly, it must be stated that the United States publishes more newspapers, with greater combined circulation, than all the other countries of the world can together boast of having. The oldest paper of uninterrupted publication in this country is the Hartford Courant, which has already attained the hoary age of 116 years. In regard to its last birthday it plaintively says: "We believe that, with the already announced death of a New Hampshire paper, recently, at the age of 116, we are left in a condition of absolute isolation."

White Sulphur Springs.

The dining room is, perhaps, the largest in the world, being more than 300 feet long and conveniently seating 1,200 persons. To give one an idea of the vastness of the work of the dining room alone, we would remark that during the busy season last year it required two beavers, 25 sheep, 30 hams and 500 chickens a day to supply the tables with meat and six barrels of flour to make the necessary amount of bread. There are 120 tables requiring 16,650 pieces of tableware. It takes 200 trained waiters—all colored men neatly uniformed—to attend to the dining-room.—[Blue Grass Clipper.]

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